

CORRESPONDENTS FROM AFAR WRITE ABOUT

# Girl Watching

## around the world

AN AMATEUR WINE TASTER we know swears on a stack of empty sherry goblets that he has discovered a new wine called "Rosy Bottom", a ruby port distilled from grapes stamped on by nude women doing the Italian version of the rock 'n roll.

It was during a recent guided tour of Naples, Italy, our friend writes us, that he suddenly became annoyed with Cooks touring and decided to do a little private cooking of his own.



Ditching the touring party he hailed a cab and made a hand sign to the driver imitating someone tipping a bottle to his lips.

The cab driver understood immediately and nodded his head vigorously. The cab bolted perilously through the small Italian streets, up hillsides and down, back up over other hillsides and through a dark mountain tunnel.

The cab was driving in open sunlight once more and our friend was concerned over whether he was about to be robbed, kidnapped or merely being "taken" for a long fare.

The cab finally pulled up to an ancient countryside building with a tall wall surrounding it.

It was an old winery and the sound of guitar music and giggling women could be heard as our friend and the cab driver made their way through the gate entrance.

As he walked inside, our friend's eyes almost popped out of their sockets. Under the hot glare of a mid-afternoon sun a dozen completely nude women of various shapes and sizes, their bodies splattered with red stain, danced, jiggled and wiggled like crazy jitterbugs, crushing grapes with their bare feet to the music of an inebriated guitar player.

The dancing was taking place in a giant wooden vat filled with red grapes. On the ground surrounding the vat were cast-off women's dresses and underthings.

A short fat-bellied little man, fully clothed, the owner of the winery, was tearing at his hair and pleading with two uniformed policemen sitting at a table drinking wine. They ignored him and clapped hands in rhythm to the wild guitar music, shouting encouragement to the nude dancers.

Our friend soon learned that his cab driver was indeed a brilliant guide, a master of uncanny timing.

They had visited the winery at precisely the time when the bevy of lady grape crushers had decided to go on strike for better pay.

The owner had flatly refused to meet their demands and called the police. When the police arrived and attempted to lay hands on the strikers and take them to the calaboose, the air suddenly became full of discarded bras, panties and dresses.

It was too much for the police to handle. They decided on a hands off policy. There was plenty of time. They would just sit it out and play a "wait and see" game.

Our friend and the cab driver ordered two bottles of wine. The policemen were courteous and offered them space at their table. And why shouldn't they.

After all, a crime against the state was being committed before their very enchanted eyes. Our friend and the cab driver had very nobly offered their services as official witnesses.

### Chieftain's Daughter

WHILE WORKING on a construction project for a rubber plantation in the South Pacific Scougee Islands I had plenty of time to enjoy my hobby of *Girl Watching*. I had rented a small grass shack from the Island Chieftan Gomo Goba. What I was not aware of until Mu Mu, his firmly stacked daughter,

10 "Let's go down to Corby's Malt Bin and be whistled at."

knocked on my front door, was that she was included in the monthly rental. In his primitive thinking, he thought I would make a good husband for his daughter and that was that.

There was no talking the two of them out of this and in self defense I let Mu Mu move into the shack, grind corn pone and serve my meals, while I made my bunk in a grass hammock stretched between two coconut trees at one side of the shack.

Maybe it was the tropical moon, or that old jungle fever that did things to me whenever I Girl Watched Mu Mu in her form-clinging flowered sarong. Her black hair had a flower in it that matched the color of her full scarlet mouth.

Anyway, while waiting for the banana boat to bring my final paycheck, I goofed away my idle hours rubbing noses with the Chieftan's daughter. "Me love white Girl Watcher," Mu Mu purred, rubbing her nose against mine, passionately. I was complimenting myself on a new addition to my girl watching collection when things started happening fast.

An angry machete chopped down the straw hammock with two quick strokes. As I bounced down on the jungle grass I saw Mu Mu's jealous boyfriend, a seven-foot native boy, take another swipe at the concealed form inside the straw hammock. Straw was flying in all directions and I had a momentary view of Mu Mu popping out of a sarong that had been neatly severed in half by her boyfriend's machete.

It would have been a high score in my *Girl Watching* career if I had had the leisure time to watch Mu Mu bobbing away through the tall bamboos but I was too busy dodging her boyfriend's swinging machete and looking for the quickest exit through the jungles.

The banana boat arrived not a second too soon. I boarded it and hid in a lifeboat until it pulled out for the States.

It just goes to prove that Pretty Girl Collecting is not all beer and skittles or attractive knee caps. If you don't use your head you can sometimes lose it in this game.

## British Girl Watchers

WE WERE SITTING AROUND a blazing fire in the lounge of the Blenkinsop Hotel in Pall Mall. The discussion turned from women to race horses and back to women.

Lord Blueberry, a nobleman who had squandered several fortunes in pursuit of women, sipped on his brandy.

"I've just returned from a fortnight in America," his Lordship said gruffly putting down the brandy glass. "Chastly thing happened to me. I was staying in a Florida hotel and a fire broke out in the middle of the night."

"Did I ever tell you about the feather G-strings they wear in New Guinea?" Lord Waffleton said with a tear in his voice.

"You're interrupting me, old bouncer!" Lord Blueberry said testily. "Suddenly the hallways were alive with people shouting 'Fire!' and dashing out of the hotel in their night clothes."

"In Switzerland I met a maid who wore leather underpants," Lord Waffleton injected. "She said they were good for sliding down mountains."

"The room next to me was occupied by two showgirls who danced in the Copacabana," Lord Blueberry said, ignoring the interruption. "They came dashing out of their rooms wearing mink panties."

"Pip! Pip!"

"Carry on ol' bean," a chorus of interested voices cheered.

"I followed them down the hallway in my pajamas. It was a losing race. They easily outdistanced me with those colt-like legs of theirs. Just then a door opened and a woman who could have easily passed for Jayne Mansfield's twin sister came jiggling past me in a transparent robe. Two other young women bumped past me wearing pajama tops and nothing else. It was frightening. They were all running in front of me and

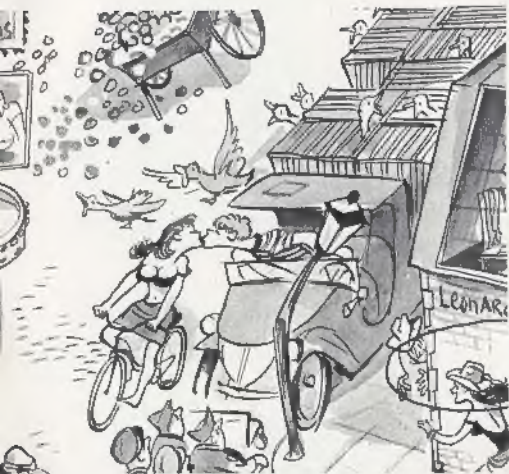
(Continued on Page 38)



"Mr. Pinkpang, you are the first girl watcher I have ever really appreciated."



# The Girlwatcher's Guide To PARIS



## Kissing Blonde on a Bicycle

IN THAT *Girlwatcher's Guide to Paris* cartoon in your last issue there was a scene of a poultry truck driver delivering a kiss to a French girl on a bicycle. When I was in Paris I actually saw this happen. His truck was piled mountain high with crated turkeys. His lips suddenly seemed to be glued to hers and he forgot all about driving. The truck piled into a building near the Cafe de la Paix breaking the crates with turkeys flying everywhere. It took the police three days to find the driver of the truck. (He disappeared with the blonde who caused it all).

Fred Barkinton, Paris, France



## Those Mad, Mad French Girls

ONE OF THE SCENES in your double-page spread on *Girl Watcher's Guide to Paris* (a knickered British gentleman prodding a tempting French morsel with his cane) struck a cord in my memory box. It was at a sidewalk cafe on the Champs Elysees. I was reading the morning paper and sipping on a Pernod when I heard a pair of spiked heels tapping along the sidewalk. I looked up just as a British gent, sitting at the next table, held his cane out and stopped a French fille swivel hiping past him. He poked at her with his cane like a housewife testing a side of beef at the butchers. "Too lean," he grunted. "Go put some fat on, girl." With that she flipped her wig and swatted the Englishman over the head with her purse. Instead of getting mad, the Englishman pulled out a 500 franc note and handed it to her. The girl in turn took one look at the note and gave him a big hug and a kiss. Crazy, man, Crazy. But that's Paris on a morning in Spring.

Ollie Zito, Schuyler, Ohio



## The Girls screamed, "Look Ma, No Clothes!"

THAT CARTOON SCENE in your last issue of *Girl Watcher* magazine, the one where the two girls are tearing each other's clothes on a Paris street corner, was a lulu. It reminded me of one time when I was sitting at the Cafe de Flore, a spot where writers and would-be actresses in tight-fitting slacks meet, dine, sip and discuss art. Two girl writers, one a six-foot blonde and the other at least seven feet tall, got into an argument and they were off—that is, they were tearing each other's clothes off to the amusement of gathering crowds. In seconds they were down to panties and bras. In a half second later one of the bra buttons popped and that was when the kindly waiter ran out and threw a tablecloth around both of them.

St. Clair Morengo, Oneida, Tenn.

## The Doll across the way Reeled me in

I DUG THAT DOUBLE PAGE spread cartoon. One of the scenes showing a guy hanging on the clothes line with other unmentionables, being reeled in by a luscious looking French doll, reminded me of when I lived in a Cleveland apartment house where the clotheslines were strung between the backs of two apartment houses. While my wife was out shopping I did a little girl watching out of our back kitchen window on the second floor. A shapely blonde wearing a tight-fitting lemon-colored sun suit came to her back window and started reeling in her wash consisting mostly of silk panties. I decided to have a little fun. Climbing out of our window I hung on to the washline with both hands. When she reeled me in I thought she was going to pass out with fright. Realizing I was one of her neighbors, she took it as a big joke and invited me to come in and have a martini. Just then my wife returned from her shopping trip, dug the situation, and the next thing I knew I was being reeled half way back to our own building. I was wondering why she didn't reel me all the way back and then I looked down and saw a growling dog with sharp fangs.

Otto VENDOR, Bronx, N. Y.

## Girl Watcher Chased by Mademoiselle

IN ONE OF YOUR CARTOONS in a recent issue the artist depicted an American cowboy chasing a French doll with a lasso. Whoever drew that must have been in Paris a few years ago when a pal of mine from Texas and myself were doing the continent after selling our oil wells. We painted the old town red, white and blue. For kicks we'd lean out of our hotel window on Boulevard St. Michael, and lasso pretty girls right off the street. Not one of them objected. In fact we had trouble getting them out of our hotel room after we pulled them in.

Bart RINGO, Austin, Texas



## Sunbathing French Babes

I GOT A BANG out of that bird's-eye cartoon view of Paris. Especially the roof scene with those seven French babes taking sun baths. It reminded me of the time, just after World War II, when I rented a pad in a hotel in the long hair left-bank

side of Paris. I had a top floor room and I soon found I had a built in harem. All the seven other rooms on the top floor were rented by lovely "business" women. They insisted that I eat, sleep, and even take sun baths with them. It was too much. I had to move back to the States to regain my health.

Dill GLOVER, Anderson, S. C.



# STALKING THE GIRL

A GIRL WATCHER WITH A PURPOSE is the photographer who has been handed what looks like an easy assignment. After all, the memo is only two lines long:

"We want the youngish girl, reflecting all the buoyancy of today's womanhood. Most of all, she must reflect the spirit of the client's product."

And what is the client's product? A do-it-yourself shim replacement for valve seats in leaky faucets.

But you're a photographer and a *Girl Watcher*, too, and a challenge is a challenge. You remind yourself that most any AGWA member would envy you for getting paid for doing what they do for free, adjust your cornea and attack the happy task of trailing the quail.

One photog handed such an assignment and heading out with similar resolve, wound up his day making extended explanations to a judge. After getting downwind of a number of prospects, but rejecting them on one count or another (one proved to have termites in her foam rubber), this craftsman picked up the tracks of a girl who fit his requirements from the tickle of her feather hat to the tip of her open-toed pumps. So engrossed with her was he that he followed her into a bar, across the salon, down a hall and through a door. That was where he lost her and melded his appearance before hizzoner. You just can't make any explanations in a room such as he entered because there are so many dames squealing and cursing you and asking if you can't read and trying to cover up.

One trouble with seeking a youngish type is that the wrens, chicks and pigeons soon take on a sameness which falls into one category—jail quail. After a prolonged, dedicated spell of *Girl Watching* on such an assignment, you get so enthralled with all those accumulated features you begin to wonder if you'd recognize THE girl if she stepped up and bit you.

Such a search is likely to take you into some school districts and a number of malt shops. As the full-blown delights geekle around in their sweaters and the young bucks concentrate on discussion of their fuel-injection jobs, you tend to parrot the pundit who observed that youth is wasted on the young.

A hypo hipster on a picture assignment for a magazine confesses to a bit of chicanery no one ever plumbed. Seeking the exact qualities in one girl, he had almost given up after a week of sherlocking when he chanced upon a pair of twins who, between them, had it all. He used one for frontal assaults, the other to bring up the rear. He speaks of it as sort of pre-emulsion composition work. His only complaint was that he had to pay two model fees.

Sometimes a paid CW will take the too-obvious tack. Seeking a leggy show-girl type, one lenser hung around show rehearsals and stage doors so long he got the sequin shakes. Then he found the right girl when he went to get a loan from a lawyer friend and the receptionist uncurled herself from her desk and legged her way past his low-slung lounge chair to the water cooler.

Nothing is more expansive to the soul of the paid GW, however, than having days and even weeks of tireless and fascinating tracking pay off in finding the VERY girl. When the photog's convictions are echoed by immediate approval of his sample prints, he knows he still has the old eye.

As a working appraiser with a slide-rule on female fineries, the paid CW has an obvious advantage over the casual, unassigned tracker. Should the girl turn on her heels after a long tail job and have that big hand raised for the calculated slap, the photog can demure, whip out his card and give a good account of himself.

It's a lot like getting paid to sample fine wine.





*"Isn't it time you got back to your Botony experiments professor?"*





# The Girl Next Door



OUR SURVEY OF RECENT LETTERS shows that 97.5% of our readers are photographers of one sort or another.

The question of who was born first, the *Girl Watcher* or photographer can probably only be determined by the 1/500th to a 1/2000th click of the shutter.

What it all simmers down to is that every male, whether he be a photographer or a charter member *Girl Watcher* W. F. (without flashbulbs) both like to look at the girl next door in their image finder.

Each mail brings amateur photographs from Kalamazoo to New Mexico showing moms, sisters and that living doll next door taking sunbaths in bikinis, shorts, longies, or what have you.

Old Aunt Tilda, my maiden aunt, who wears a knee-length bathing suit when she takes her Saturday night baths, would have passed out with shock if she could have lapped the photographic evidence of unblushing feminine pulchritude in home towns throughout the nation.

We are very pleased to print the following photos mailed to us by amateur photographer and *Girl Watcher* combined, Fred Potts, who lives in Beaumont, Texas. And there's Fred's story to go with it.

"I'm known as a big wheel at school," Fred writes, "The only trouble is I couldn't get this message across to a cool kitten named Pam who lives in the house next door.

She gives me the ice cube treatment every time I try to speak to her at school but I can't get her out of my mind due to her being a real living doll and the ultimate in pulse-leaping femininity.

Desperately, I worked out a plan to win her with flattery. I bought a cheap camera and shot photos of her every time I got within range of her. The first time I tried it she tossed her baby brother's bike at me, so I had to think of fantastic ways of taking pictures on the Q-T so she wouldn't peg things at me.

I camouflaged a camera inside a rabbit hutch and started collecting rabbits. The *Girl Watching* camera bug hits me like wow and before I know it I'm making charts and diagrams of her daily activities; the exact time of the day when she comes out to empty the garbage, ride her bike, or take sun baths.

It isn't long before I graduate to complicated formulas for prisms, optics and intricate periscope-telescopic cameras. I should have known the afternoon that my subject came out in the backyard in black leotards and gave out with a comic ballet number, that she was on to my secret photo lab.

We both laughed it up as I showed her the collection of photos I had made of her, crazy shots of her when she least expected to be photographed.

"Wait until I show you the photos I've taken of you watching me!" she said giggling uncontrollably. "They're real crazy!"

I saw them later and they were for real laughs. I swore then and there I was through taking *Girl Watching* photos of her.

"If you do I'll never speak to you again," she said, "I love having *Girl Watchers* taking photos of me, I actually do!"

And that's why there are only rabbits in my rabbit hutch now. I sold my telescopic camera. All my photographic shots these days are close-ups.

BY DUANE SCHMIDT



*The prettiest thing I ever saw swinging on a fence*



# MORE ABOUT *Collecting Pretty Girls*



IN THE NATURAL PROGRESSION from *Girl Watcher* to *Girl Collector*, there is always the vastly important decision of whether to become a collector of impressions of girls per se or a collector of the girls themselves purr, say! The latter naturally entails a certain amount of physical activity and many longtime GWs find it so disconcerting that they never cross over to the GC category. As *Girl Watchers* rather than *Girl Collectors* they find they can enjoy the expanse without the expense. They savor the tidbit without the wed bit. Enough for those bound by propriety. Let's assume here that you have the money, the stamina, the persuasion or all three to throw together a whole stable of lovelies without any more responsibility than if they were prize fillies or Irish setters.

Such is your power that you don't even have to check for prior registry or familial strings. You see one you like, you just cart her off. She's yours just as surely as if she were a bunny you'd trapped and taken to your hustings. Does this omnipotence make you rash? No, indeed. You find to your surprise you have become eminently more selective. Since you can HAVE any one you want, you don't take just ANY one. You are now the complete *Girl Watcher Epicure Emeritus*. You're like a Frenchman turned loose in the world's finest wine cellar.

A yummy nicknack attracts your attention in a restaurant, you haul her off home for a trial run as one of your collector's pieces. When your current crop gets a little shelfworn, you turn them out and go collecting all over again. Soon you find the collecting is better than the having. Then you find the stalking is better than the collecting. And there you are just like we told you—right back where you started—*Girl Watching!*



**More ambitious Girl Watchers find it intriguing to bring home a specimen or two**



# girl watcher

A GUIDE TO



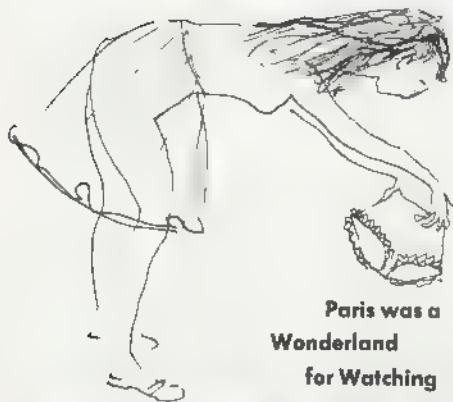
GIRL WATCHING



Bonnie Logan and  
June Wilkinson

## Love Goddess Issue

# a girl watcher escapes



Paris was a  
Wonderland  
for Watching

WATCHING HORACE Q. WEEBLY LEFT HIS OFFICE BUILDING at exactly 4:29 a. m. morning, you could tell the difference. For he was not an important flywheel in industry or at home. You were absolutely right.

The sexy women that populated the office where Horace worked didn't even bother to swipe their hips when they passed his desk in the bookkeeping department. Even though he was only 34 years old with a premarital abstinence night as well as he felt as far as they were concerned.

Inwardly his burr Weebly deep. There was nothing Horace liked better than to watch pretty women. Perhaps his was one of the reasons Weebly remained a maid in the office organization. If he hadn't spent so much time watching Suzi Potter, the leggy old book clerk in the extra office from the adjacent tower, he might have taken a job from admiring Brigitte Lipp, the blonde sex queen, even though he'd spent all his time in a vision of a woman. It may be had spent as much time in a vision of a woman as he had on watching Haze Sprague, the floor polisher, though her exploits at her desk and on well he was he at the Weebly's life. He was a bona fide *Girl Watcher* and there was nothing you could do about it.

Nor was home. In East Orange, the suburb of New Jersey, where Horace glumly returned to on the 5:17 each evening, a successful one.

Besides, he'd got up to his hairline and had put a hole in his cause if his wife Cora's tongue had been so long as to keep up with his friends. He was the target of a lot of Weebly ridicule for being such a former wage earner. Sometimes he felt his was a little more than he could bear from it. Especially when there were seven children and an unpaid mortgage to add to his unhappiness.

It all came to a head for him the afternoon Horace stood in front of his office building, his damp hand to the door, his coat pocket bulging with a roll of bills containing \$1,000. His bank had filled him in before noon on a cold but not some

of his hands had been in fact he had rushed over during his lunch hour. Horace needed that cash just to pay up what he owed at the bank.

A blonde goddess in a tight-fitting white silk sheath dress crossed the walk in front of Horace. Her eyes bright and far away temple bells started ringing inside his head as he watched the sun filler around her hair. An arctic white Corvette edged up to the curb and she was gone with a sudden roar of the motor.

The image of the blonde hair Horace like a white hot thunderbolt on a stormy cloud. It was a message from fate a Western Union wherever it was but messages come from that suddenly change the course of a man's life.

Horace Q. Weebly walked past his office building for the last time and when he awakened the following morning he was aboard a trans-ocean plane heading for a London airport.

From that moment on his purpose in life was quite clear. He would spend his remaining years fulfilling his early ambitions of being a World-Wide Girl Watcher.

\$1,000 would not last forever, part of it was already used on air passage, but perhaps he could develop a few side lines on *Girl Watching* that would help pay his way.

Horace Q. Weebly rented a cheap room in the Soho district of London. He could hardly wait to finish his morning tea and crumpets so that he could be off on his first *Girl Watching* field trip in a foreign land. The first girl he watched was a red-haired black-haired strumpet. He was astonished at the quickness with which she made new friends, especially among soldiers and sailors. A Peacock Circus spotted a rare Yellow Haired Duchess and followed her to her bar which was out of the cocktail room in the Ebbington Hotel.

Being an expert *Girl Watcher*, Weebly entered the cocktail room and set up his watching post at a table at the other side of the room. Weebly was pleased to note that the Duchess wore a low cut tight-fitting dress that offered a royal sight to whom ever it might concern. A handsome young man in Ivy League clothes walked up to the Yellow-Haired Duchess's table, bowed and sat down to join her in a drink. The Duchess was getting high and the young man was following up every advantage.

Weebly, in fact, was feeling no pains himself, he had pushed down a few scotch-on-rocks while watching the Duchess for the past two hours. The young British gentleman finally left her table and the Yellow Haired Duchess walked past Weebly's table and he was taken back at the sight of her winking at him and saying the following out of the side of her mouth, "All right ol' ducky boy—see me in the hotel lounge."

Horace Weebly knew a royal command when he heard one. When he entered the lobby the Duchess walked up to him understandingly and pressed some folded paper into the palm of his hand. "Let's not waste time piddle-paddling—You're a detective, you've got a job to do at afternoon. When you report to the Duke you didn't see anything this afternoon, remember?"

Horace Weebly watched the Duchess make her exit. His palm opened slowly and he was aghast at what he saw. A twenty-pound note.

Weebly started whistling as he left the Ebbington Hotel. Yes, there were all kinds of angles to *Girl Watching*, even

Continued on Page 48.





HELP GIRL WATCHER CHOOSE THE GREATEST

# LOVE GODDESS

BEFORE YOU SHRED THE PAGES of this magazine up in your Instant Girl Kit, help GIRL WATCHER decide the most delightful question of the year: Help us pick this century's over-all, all-over LOVE GODDESS—the most watchable Miss Watchable of them all. On the next pages, you will see pictured two dozen world renowned females that have long caused a stir among avid girl watchers. The order in which the girls appear does not necessarily indicate our preferences.

You GWs emeritus will see at a glance that we did not throw together just any 24 babes, although this would not be bad work if you could gedit. What we did was chain three photographers together with three telescopic and periscopic lenses, but only two tranquilizer pills. The good pictures came from the tranquilized photographers. However, the third one claims he had more fun.

Don't waste a minute. Check the four girls that you would like to see more of in future issues of GIRL WATCHER. If you've been watching one we have not printed here, bump her in with a write-in vote.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARILYN MONROE  | <input type="checkbox"/> ZSA ZSA GABOR    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VIKKI DUGAN     | <input type="checkbox"/> DOLORES DONLON   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BRIGITTE BARDOT | <input type="checkbox"/> SUSAN HARRISON   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> KIM NOVAK       | <input type="checkbox"/> FAY SPAIN        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CATHY CROSBY    | <input type="checkbox"/> JAYNE MANSFIELD  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VALERIE ALLEN   | <input type="checkbox"/> ZAHRA NARBRO     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> IRISH McCULLA   | <input type="checkbox"/> SUSAN OLIVER     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOAN BRADSHAW   | <input type="checkbox"/> ABBE LANE        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAY BRITT       | <input type="checkbox"/> LILI KARDELL     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARI BLANCHARD  | <input type="checkbox"/> HILL ST. JOHN    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DIANA DORS      | <input type="checkbox"/> CHRISTINE CARERE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JEAN CARMEN     | <input type="checkbox"/> JUNE WILKINSON   |

☐ \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ \_\_\_\_\_

*Girl Watcher*

P. O. Box 215

MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

Name . . . . .

Street . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .







### #1. Marilyn Monroe

RESPONSIBLE ALMOST SOLELY for a renaissance of the ancient art of les watchdogs la femme, the Big M has been credited by four out of five oculists who know with causing endemic eyeball fixation. With the Monroe doctrine and by any Monroe calculator the wa ching becomes a stare, the staring becomes frozen absorption.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL LEAF



### #2. Vikki Dugan

Nightgowns in swimming pools, bikinis in snow storms, that's the sort of poetic nonsense Vikki struts up in you on sight. What happens as you continue to drink her in visually is liable to put the reefer pushers out of business. A special, heady kind of opium all by herself, Vikki has what makes for a long career of turning GWs for that extra look.

#### #4. Kim Novak

So thoroughly publicized you don't even need a picture. Close your eyes and say "Kim" out loud and there she is, a living symbol. Many things to many GWs because she has the quality of appearing to be just what you want her to be, just as she has been influenced by almost everyone working with her. Never static, Kim is this girl today, that girl tomorrow, but always a girl for WATCHING.

#### #3. Brigitte Bardot

THE GIRL THEY INVENTED the sex kitten phrase for is sure to come out among the top three if only through exposure, her own and that accorded her in every magazine and newspaper in the world. No one in history has appeared before more people more times in a wider variety of poses and exposures than a Bardot. The rumped mare, the pony up an even, each and child woman biscuits are world trademarks.



#### #5. Cathy Crosby

NOT TO BE CONFUSED with the Kathy with the K who is Bugs' lady, the Cathy with the C is Bob's daughter and a shoo-gie girl in the Crosby car where the standards are high. A little plump when she started her career, Cathy has slimmed out as a young lady can only see. A combination of dark, black hair and wide, blue eyes gives Cathy a look-alike quality that keeps you swiveling.









**Anita Ekberg**

THIS IS A LOT OF GIRL, much going on — you got to be alert at all times, now. No lol-pop for stations, oh or we watching THIS one you want to do things for, say sweet things to, perform brave deeds for. Considerable personal magnetism, a quality often missed by casual CWs who don't take time to savor the WHOLE girl, the person, the sum of the parts.

**Joan Bradshaw**

NOW WHIMSICAL, now sensuous, now the sweet girl next door, now, now, boy Joanie is one of those brunettes who can go so nice forming she might have you musing "Blo de?" What's that? For the CW, she has weaknesses she hasn't even used yet. Somebody told her there's quakes over in her eyes and she's made her own golden opportunities by flashing them in the right places.





### #9. May Britt

Wasted in a darkroom for many years as a photographer's assistant, this sweater-filler has finally got around, on the right side of the camera. Technical knowledge gives her an advantage she doesn't really need. Of Swedish origin, May has the solid bone structure that gives the padding extra attract on.



### #10. Mari Blanchard

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl who had everything. End of story. But it's only the beginning for dark and dainty Mari, to whom everything is nothing if she can't have your approval. And since approval is the same as love in a movie star, there's an awful lot of ov'n goin' on every time Mari hits the silver screen.



### #11. Diana Dors

What MM is to Hollywood, what BB is to Paris, DD is to London. They couldn't ever miss her in the fog. Long after the publicity about doffing her bra to Mitchum has died out, Diana is still around—and such an inveterate ocean computer they've renamed a Mae West life preserver for her. After you infla e it, you turn it upside down and it seats two, hammock style.



### YVETTE MIMEAU

SWEET 16, but crowned with the blonde glory of the ages. Practically undiscovered until right this minute by a showman to gain ground fast. Has a unique maturity belying her years and holding your attention the way the Mona Lisa holds your attention—with that haunting need to know what's behind it all.

### #12. Jean Carmen

THIS BRAIDED BANSHEE is only on the warpath career wise, but there ain't hardly a CW anywhere who wouldn't hand over his scalp for a smile from this doll. An unrestrained, unreconciled goofball, Jean keeps several things going in several different directions at once, proving that the ham is quicker than the 'Yi'.







*A Handy Handbook for*

## GIRL WATCHING

Dedicated to all Serious Scholars and  
Connoisseurs of Beautiful Women

*Latest Reports from Enterprising,  
Ardent Devotees Throughout the World*

Photographer Test  
Discover a new Vantage Point





**Zsa Zsa Gabor**

### #13. Zsa Zsa Gabor

DON'T EVEN TRY to dissuade her because she's a whole lot of female individuality, but Zsa Zsa fully believes she invented sex. Mama and Joie and Eva may have given her a few nudges on the right track, but it was Zsa Zsa's show from the very beginning. And whether she invented it or not, she's got it, so what right-minded CW would quibble? Not you, huh, boy, not you?

### #14. Dolores Delon

As any CW can plainly see, there's something about Dolores that comes from within. Call it vibrancy, glow or just plain personality—it gets your eye while it also wraps up your imagination. Dolores is the kind of girl you can glimpse on a crowded bus and immediately see yourself with her on a quiet, little, special island somewhere... anywhere.

### #16. Fay Spain

Took a sudsy bath in "God's Little Acre" and has had fans ahered up ever since. Has great attraction for the inventory or IBM type of CW. Has a way of making all the little girls flash up on any CW's calculator. Fay may very well have started a whole new thing of backyard bathing out in the boondocks. To the nearest, wise, men.

### #15. Susan Harrison

YOUNG AND MALLEABLE SUSAN is one you can watch from now to nightmare and you won't catch her in an unbecoming pose or light or circumstance. Pretty as as pretty does and Susan is one of those everybody likes... and likes to be around. Has the youthful attraction that makes Girl Watching such a rewarding spectator sport. And, makes your desires as if she were doing a scene and you were the director.

### #24. Jo Morrow

Now, Alaska may be bigger than Texas, but they just ain't sent us any Jo Morrow's yet. An extremely female type of female, she makes you happy that girls are girls and boys are boys and she's about the size of it. The mop on top is red, but there are CWs who have stared at her hour on hour and aren't sure but what she's bald. As for the eyebrows with individuality. Love Goddess Sweepstake quality.

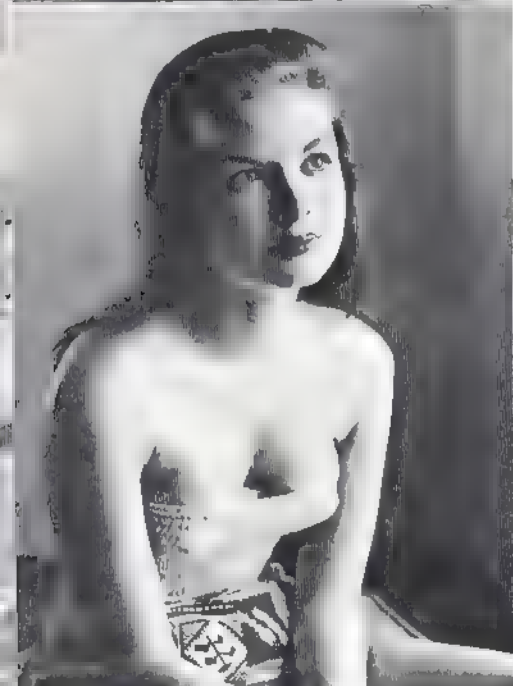


**30 Dolores Delon**

Fay Spain	Jo Morrow
Susan Harrison	









## #17. Jayne Mansfield

Getting the seal of approval or the seal's approval, Jayne is over the top. Ever the doer and so full of enthusiasm for everything that even the competition likes her. For Jayne, sex is something you'd do about nothing to get all in-drawn and tense about. Warm and generous and the extrovert's extrovert, Jayne gets your attention even before it started to stray.

## #19. Susan Oliver

A CONTENDER for Love Goddess honors in the watch-and-wonder division. You watch Susie and you wonder if one girl could be so many things. This is femininity in 3D and stereo with a different shimmer from every facet. A delight with analytic girl watchers who like to draw their own conclusions from what they see and then have to revise them at the lift of an eyebrow, a subtle change in the pelvic axis.

## #6. Valerie Allen

You know what a chameleon is. Well, they aren't as stupidly as Valerie, but they can mold to the situation the way Valerie can. You name it: shy, sultry, sexy, kiterish, a lurid aloofish. Valerie can be all of these and more with the flick of an eyebrow or the toss of one of those well-padded hips. Has the moxie that keeps her image on your eyeball long after she's passed by.

## #20. Abbe Lane

Lazy, happy, Luridish and full of smoldering as well as explosive action. Has the bodily synecdoche from years of ironing the hard for Aubrey Xavier Cugat. Makes a special kind of music without even opening her peep. Like MM, Abbe has a walk that not only grabs your attention but carries you along with it. Ain't GOIN' nowhere just walkin'.

## #21. Lili Kardell

Practically undiscovered until right this minute, but a shoo-in to gain ground fast. Has a unique maturity. Living her years and holding your attention the way the Mona Lisa holds your attention with that, burning need to know what's behind it all.

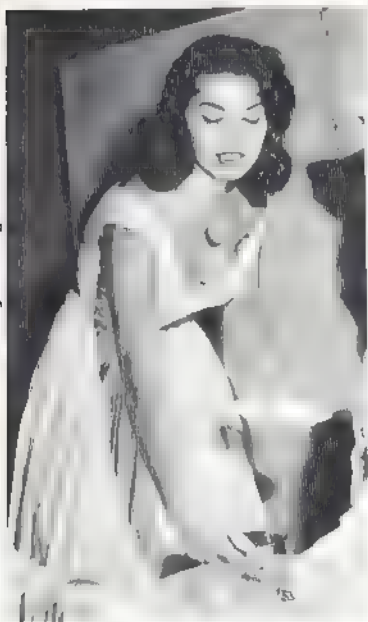


#17.		#6.	
			#21.
#19.		#20.	

## SPECIAL OFFER To Avid Girl Watchers

IF YOU ARE A TRUE, practicing Girl Watcher you will not want to miss a single issue of your favorite magazine. For a limited time only, the publishers will send you the next, a exotic, exciting issues of GIRL WATCHER for only \$2.00. If you missed the famous first issue of GIRL WATCHER, we will send you the next 4 issues plus the first edition of Girl Watcher for \$2.00. Send your money today.

**Valerie Allen**



**Abbe Lane**



**Lili Kardell**



### WE NEED YOUR HELP

THE EDITORS OF GIRL WATCHER are anxious to know more about your preferences in the lore of girl watching. Would you like to be a roving associate editor of GIRL WATCHER great fun pleasant environment, no pay. Then get out your quill and paper and describe exactly what type of articles you would like to see in GIRL WATCHER magazine. Describe the pictures, the themes, the locales and the plot of the ideal picture story of your imagination.

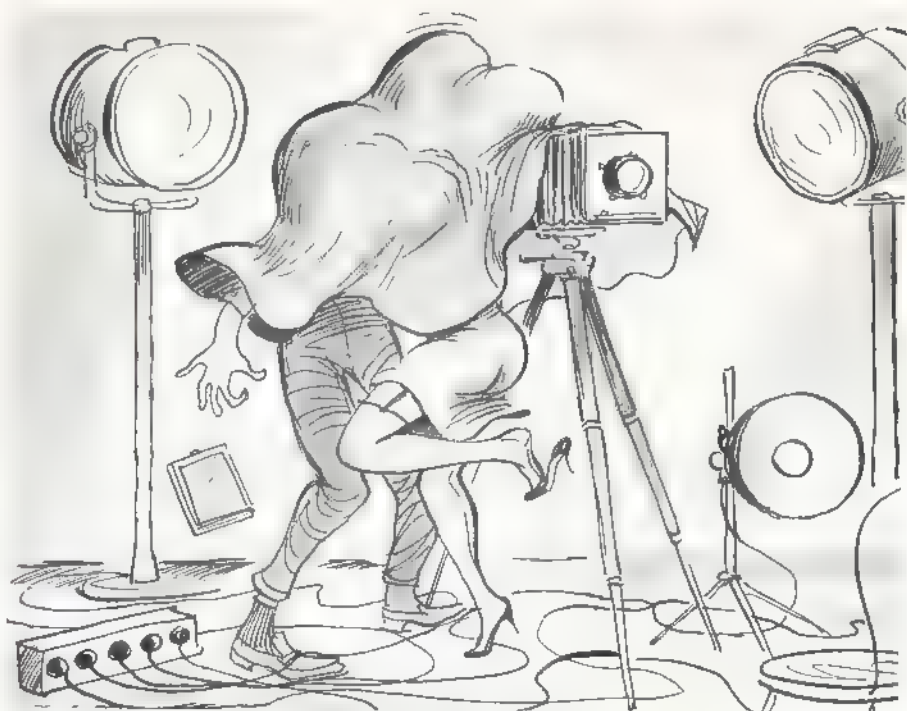
Send us a letter today. GIRL WATCHER is always interested in your secret innermost thoughts on girl watching.

*Editor  
Girl Watcher  
P O Box 215  
Malibu, California.*



# GIRLS WHO WANNA BE WATCHED

*Girl Watcher's mail bag is full of Letters & Pictures of Pretty Girls*



**A Girl Reader from Atlanta tells all about Girl Watching Photographers**

## Me Caught Under The Cover

Dear *Girl Watcher*: The artist who drew that illustration for your "So You Want To Be a Model Hun?" must have been peeking over my left white shoulders when it happened. I'm a model. Once I became curious and asked a photographer if I could peek under his back. He had over the top of the camera. I was a mistake. It took me a very minute to unangle myself from that cloth.

SUSAN MURDOCK, Atlanta

## Leg Men

Dear *Girl Watcher*: I'm a gal with long shapely legs and I fight the crowded subways twice a day. So I know about *Girl Watchers*! They're all over the subway and most of the time seem to be seated opposite me on the subway train when ever I cross my legs. I think the *Girl Watchers* must hold their composure in the subways.

LUCY KOEHLER







## Country Girl Dreams of Being Watched

AFTER A NINE-DECADE SEVENTEEN-YEARS OF a farm in Haholt County, North Carolina, I invaded New York with dreams of being a queenly model for foo-foo magazines like Harper's Bazaar and Town & Country. My big break came suddenly. It was a hot summer afternoon and a crowd of people, mostly men, had gathered to watch me as I posed for a fashion ad photographer on the Fifth Avenue library steps. I was dressed up like Queen Bees in the latest tight-fitting "Empire" sheath and a big floppy hat.

My past experience of stepping over toadstools back on the farm was small help in perfecting a "queerly" stride necessary for the ad shot, but I must have been doing okay because people were applauding. I was on cloud nine with visions of a movie agent stepping out of the admiring crowd and handing me a Hollywood contract. And then I looked back of me. The reason for the applause was all too painfully clear. There on the sidewalk was a pair of peach-colored panties—*mine!* In my queerly stride I had stepped completely out of them.

LEONA THATCHER



### Girl with the Corkscrew Walk

I AM KNOWN in the modeling trade as Girdle Gady, the girl with the corkscrew walk. My work is the perfect example of a two-way stretch, no woof, no pull, no shrink, no sag, no slide. A new gimmick came out on the market recently called a "color lock." Most of the models are like the new suits you see on the market that go back into their original shape every time they are washed.

I was wearing one of a red rubber boots for new birds and it was a tricky setup where I had to keep a close eye on the water level as the ground shifted. I was getting a starry view from the fountain each time I leaped across to set my new foot on a rail.

Then it happened like wow. The water, used a short run but in my green and blue, I was stuck you could hear from one end of Madison Avenue to the other. I started leaping in all directions at once. I know what it felt like to be sitting on the

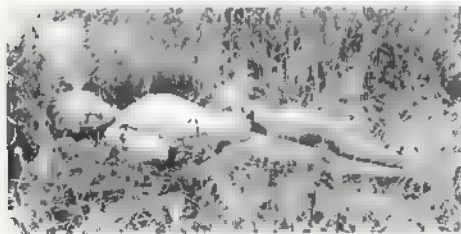
I ran straight out into the middle of Madison Avenue with frantic ad men and the photographer following me, not knowing what to do even if they caught up with me.

It was a terrible ten minutes with traffic stopping, policemen blowing their whistles at me, but I couldn't help it. I felt like I was being scratched by a wasp or bees. As I sped on, I ran into an electronic television repair shop but the man refused to touch my grille; said it wasn't in his line. The same police boy who rode beside the grille was spraying sparks as I ran into a telephone booth and tore the grille off.

The ad men found me and covered me with a topcoat. All my home life jobs these last few weeks, I've been stand up for my life. My career in many sad pains me when I sit down.

GLADYS SAXE

GLADYS SAXE



## I wanna be Watched by More Than One Man!

WHA DOES A FOUR-year-old girl do when she wants to be watched by *Girl Watchers* but is kept under wraps by a *mean* boyfriend?

I look at myself in a full length bathroom mirror after taking my morning shower and all the deadly curves are in the right places . . . but do I ever get whistled at or *Girl Watched*? A fat chance I have with my husband keeping me in the house all day long.

He won't even allow any tradesmen to come near the house. Buys our milk at the market, the newspaper at a corner stand, and has the mail sent to a post office box.

When he goes away on a trip he keeps calling me every few hours to check in with me and let me

I put it back up and, for the next few days, I'm going to put my skin back in the sun. I'll do some back-blowing of my husband's old silk neckties and walk down Broadway where most of the *Girl Watchers* are staked out. I'm a big girl now. I want to be watched by other men also. Is that bad?

KAREN C. HERSHETT

## GIRL WATCHING AROUND THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 11)

I had to keep my eyes up to see where I was going."

"That brings to my mind an experience I had in Alaska," Lord Waffleton said, rifling his way into the conversation. "I had a bit of a romance going with an Eskimo girl. They seldom take baths in that heastly cold weather they have up there. So when they go on dates they perfume themselves by rubbing whale grease all over their bodies. Her name was Ooga and when we went on dates I had to bring a fly swatter just so I could locate her after she got enough to kiss her."

Lord Blueberry gave Lord Waffleton a warning look. Clearing his throat, he continued:

"It wasn't a large fire. But all the guests had to wait out on the hotel lawn near the swimming pool while the firemen did their duty. I was carrying on a conversation with Lady Effingham who was stopping at the same hotel. She was huddled in a bathrobe. Suddenly she slapped both hands over her eyes and shrieked, 'Great scott, Lord Blueberry—your pajama bottoms!' I looked and she was right! I had forgotten them."

"Knotty situation, wot?" Lord Boomingboat laughed.

"Push or ol' heart," Lord Waffleton encouraged, "You offered your apologies to Lady Effingham, of course."

"I did nothing of the sort," Lord Blueberry snorted, "I dove into the swimming pool and stayed there until the fire was over and the hotel lights went out. I was wet and shivering cold when I sneaked through the hotel lobby and back to my room."

"I was taking a hot shower when my eyes happened upon an alarming sight. Struck over the side of the bathtub were seven pairs of freshly laundered silk panties. Each had an inscription sewed in fancy scroll lettering: 'Monday,' 'Tom's Day,' 'Wednesday,' 'Bert's Day,' 'Friday,' 'Fred's Day,' 'Real day.' By jove, I was beside myself! I suddenly realized I was in the wrong room. I wrapped a towel about me and halted out of the bathroom. I heard the click of a switch and the hotel room was flooded with light. A large healthy chested blonde was sitting up in bed grinning at me. 'Hallo Bertie Boy!' she greeted me exuberantly. I pushed out of the room in panic. She begged me to stay and read to her. I decidedly topped off you a girl! I said hastily 'No, I'm not Bertie. This happens to be Thursday.' I then oozed out of a room and on my own before she had time to answer me."

"Gawdly wot?"

"That reminds me of the time I was staying at a Singapore hotel," Lord Waffleton said, realizing he had a clear track. "I left my shoes in the hallway to have them picked up by the porter and shined. The next morning when I opened the door and looked down for the freshly shined shoes they started walking towards me into the room. An appealing geisha girl wearing a beautiful silk ceremonial robe was walking in them. There obviously had been some beauty mistake but I couldn't seem to make her understand. The geisha girl kept walking directly towards me flapping her robe open to display her unblemished oriental beauty."

"Wretched situation of boy!"

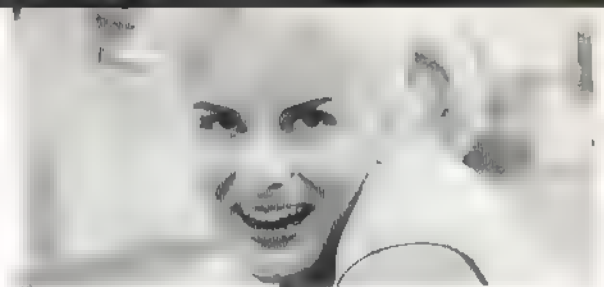
"Decidedly! I backed myself up to the phone and put in a frantic call to the hotel clerk. By then the geisha girl had calmly removed my trousers. I was helpless. I pleaded with her. She grinned at me as she neatly folded my trousers and walked out of the room. 'I am dry cleaning girl also in town,' the geisha girl said in a faintly British. Trousers cleaned, pressed and delivered some time tomorrow. With that she reached down and removed my newly shined shoes and tossed them at my feet. 'Also hotel shoe shine girl. You like?'"

And with that, Lord Boomingboat made a motion that they adjourn the fortnightly meeting of World Wide Women Appreciation Club.



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN JUNE WILKINSON WALKS DOWN THE STREET WITH A FRIEND? GIRL WATCHER found the answer to this question when they sent photographer Duane Tasker down to Street Boulevard with his Superflex loaded with Ektachrome and his spirits loaded with June. Within 37 minutes 9 people walked up, asked for her autograph; 4 wanted her telephone number; traffic stopped, tourists gawked; and a newsreel company set up their equipment and started photographing GIRL WATCHER's photographer photographing June and Bonnie Logan for this issue's cover.





THE ANSWERS TO ALL YOUR

# Girl Watching PROBLEMS

BY

JUNE WILKINSON

The Girl Watcher has searched high and wide to find an expert to answer your Girl Watching questions and jemi problems in general. Though only 18 years old Miss Wilkinson is highly qualified to serve as an expert in this field for she has won many accolades in France, Belgium and her native England as a particularly enjoyable specimen for all Girl Watchers to Watch.

has a sense of humor. My bikini days are Tuesday and Saturday afternoons in my back yard. You're on your own. Happy Girl Watching! JUNE

Dear June

I'm an ardent Girl Watcher and I thought my girlfriend one of those French nips, but you can see right through her birthday. But she's modest and refuses to wear it when I'm around. Is she unfair to organized Girl Watchers?

GYPPE

Dear June:

I met a boy in the pickle factory where I work. I love him but I can't get the message over to him. He just looks at me all day long with the strangest look. I go out to lunch and I turn around and there he is looking at me again. How can I get him to speak to me instead of just looking at me? LOOKED AT

Dear Looked At

You haven't been a reader of this magazine very long or you'd recognize the boy you speak of as a genuine Girl Watcher. Give him time. Pretty soon he will get to your face and realize that you have been smiling at him all this time. JUNE

Dear June

As an advanced Girl Watcher I was struck by your photographs. You are indeed a well-stocked species of what Girl Watchers like most to watch. Is there a chance of establishing my watching post near your house so that I can carry on my advanced Girl Watching research?

BOGGLE EYES

Dear Boggle Eyes

I'd be thrilled to be the subject of your Girl Watching research. I must warn you however that my father is an Olympic Team boxing champ. My brother plays jiu-jitsu on the Rams professional football team and neither of them

Dear Gyppe

You're rushing things. You obviously are too young for the advanced stage of Girl Watching. For the time being you'd better limit your Girl Watching to Esquire calendars. You'll be ready for the advanced course when you go on your honeymoon. If your bride is still timid tell her to forget about the negligee. Who needs one? JUNE

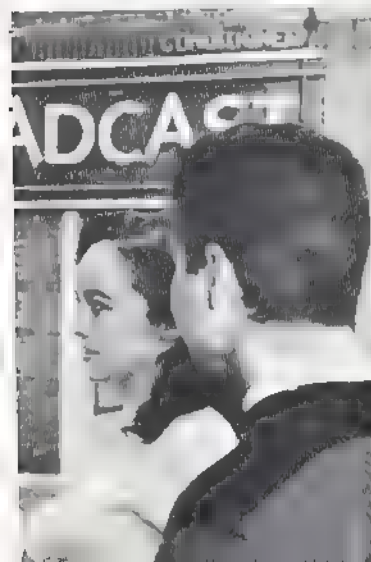
Dear June

I have an expensive pair of binoculars I bought when I belonged to a bird watcher's club. Now I find it comes in handy for Girl Watching. The other night I was standing everybody's business, sitting atop our roof scanning the neighborhood for pretty girls. What did I see but my own girlfriend, Doris, sitting in a hot rod no'king with some guy. What shall I do? GIRL WATCHER

Dear Girl Watcher

Sell the binoculars before it is too late. Use the money to live it up a little with your girlfriend. One girlfriend in the hand is worth much more than two you are watching in the bush. JUNE

Send your problems to June Wilkinson, Box 215, Malibu, California. Girl Watcher will publish the most interesting ones.





# The Girl Watcher

**OFFERS**

## Something Special for You

THE EDITORS OF GIRL WATCHER are anxious to know how you feel about this new magazine. We want you to help us make Girl Watcher better. We have made arrangements with our printers to strike off some special early printed copies of our next issue for the first 300 readers who write in and tell us which stories they like best. All you have to do to be eligible for this special pre-publication issue of Girl Watcher is to check the squares by the stories you liked best and mail your answers to the address below.

### CONTENTS

- ☐ LETTERS TO GIRL WATCHER ..... 4
- ☐ THE GIRL WATCHER'S ALMANAC..... 6
- ☐ My Favorite Girl for Watching THE KITTEN TYPE ..... 8
- ☐ GIRL WATCHING AROUND THE WORLD ..... 10
- ☐ GIRL WATCHER'S GUIDE TO PARIS..... 12
- ☐ STALKING THE GIRL..... 14
- ☐ THE GIRL NEXT DOOR..... 16
- ☐ COLLECTING PRETTY GIRLS..... 18
- ☐ A GIRL WATCHER ESCAPES..... 20
- ☐ LOVE GODDESS DEPARTMENT..... 22
- ☐ GIRLS WHO WANNA BE WATCHED..... 36
- ☐ ANSWERS TO GIRL WATCHING PROBLEMS..... 39
- ☐ THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER..... 40
- ☐ STRAWBERRY BIRTHMARK DEPT..... 42
- ☐ THE PEEGEE GIRLS..... 46
- ☐ HIP FLIPPERS, ETC..... 49
- ☐ GIRL ON A HORSE..... 50

Girl Watcher

P. O. Box 215

MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

Name

Street

City

State



JOAN BRADSHAW (See page 27)



VIKKI D. GAN (See page 23)

GIRL WATCHER, No. 2, Price \$ .50 per copy, 4 issues \$2.00. Published by Sonoma Publishing Co., 1000 Camino Avenue, Sausalito, Calif. 94965. Address all correspondence and subscription orders to GIRL WATCHER, P. O. Box 215, Malibu, Calif. 90263. Copyright © 1979 by Sonoma Publishing Co. No part of contents may be reproduced without permission. Copy right. Conventions: GIRL WATCHER, trademark registered pending. U.S. Patent Office.





*She was tall, lynx-like  
in her movements*



*Every place I turned I found the Farmer's Daughter*



*She was clever, witty and a true natural beauty*





# Another Tempting, Tantalizing Story about the STRAWBERRY BIRTHMARK

By Philip Cyrus Guntion



*She was unaware of the question uppermost in minds of 300 men.*

THERE WASN'T A LIVE WOMAN within 1,200 miles of the south of Canton and this fact was taken into a handsome bonanza for Barney Aker, who was fond of saying "I've made more dough out of dames than Iucky Luntaro."

He was a perfect example of the Horatio Alger story come to life—a self-made man who had started out with some pretty shabby means. He had arrived on Canton with nothing but an idea and a pocketful of three cents in his pocket. Now he was the curator of a collection of more than 1,000 special maps—all different.

Barney's method of adding to his stock—like the secrets of most great men—was pure simplicity. He met every place where a map was wanted and took a good look over the country for any risks or profits they might have in their wallets.

The average stop-over was an hour and this gave him plenty of time to go to the borrowed offices and return them. In exchange for the copy privilege he gave each man two copies of a letter from his files, along with a receipt which he had borrowed.

This method did not get hold of not only pictures of hundreds of naked women whose names and addresses were that they were female and couldn't deny it, but pictures, real or faked, of some of the low-down stories some of which subsequently became famous. The pictures, I mean.

It can best demonstrate what kept Barney's market brisk by sketching in the story of Capt. Alexander Graham Bell, our weather officer.

He arrived at Canton just after dusk one day and walked into the operations office with his light bag of reports. He found the men on duty huddled over the picture albums.

One sergeant, sighted, took his eyes from a picture of a nameless mound and walked to the counter to see what the new captain wanted.

Captain Bell was much impressed with the studious group. All the albums were jacketed in covers which had been designed to hold Army Air Force Rules and Regulations and he was deceived into thinking he had wandered into the most spit and polish outfit in the service.

He was instantly fascinated when a corporal came across a couple of features in his album about the bay, overcooked before and began a series of vocal expressions of extreme approval.

This led the captain to a personal examination of the regulations which had caused the excitement. Then he looked rapidly at the other albums. His face grew red and he stalked out of the room.

His first official act on the island was to go to the colonel in charge of the island to protest the habits of the enlisted men. He got nowhere.

The colonel said politely, but firmly, that he considered the circulation of the albums as nothing more than a harmless diversion. The men certainly needed something to occupy their minds. After all, there was no USO on the island. "The men get stiff in the joints when they spend all their time playing poker, you know." The captain retired from the field.

He never did know that the sounds he had heard in the colonel's office before he had been admitted were caused by the opening and closing of the drawer into which the colonel had placed his own album before the interview.

Captain Bell fought against the albums as best he could without support from above. For a few weeks, he relaxed and became more tolerant. He simply requested the men to look at them on their own time so that the work of the weather station could move forward without having huge banks of marmatormulus clouds coming from nowhere to obscure the latest synoptic map.

Then came a transit period when the captain found himself borrowing albums during the quiet hours of the midnight shift just so that he could see what they were really like.

Eventually, of course, human nature and the tropics combined the captain found himself \$75 poorer. He rationalized a loss for our benefit—that it was part of his duty to keep abreast of the interests of his men.

His last word was comfortably propped on the desk so that his knees could support the heavy album as he turned the pages in a paroxysm of interest and excitement. It became increasingly harder to remember a man with Harvard '49 and IBM '51 as the first thing we had of the island's growing importance in the scheme of things came what Barney discovered it was no longer necessary to solicit pictures from air crews as they climbed out of the airplanes. The crewmen would be fumbling with their wallets as they landed.

I asked Barney one day what he wanted to do after the war was over. I rather expected him to outline some lurid, slightly illegal venture connected with sex and money, but he surprised me. "I want to set up a photo studio in some jerky little town, maybe the one where I was born, and take pictures of kids

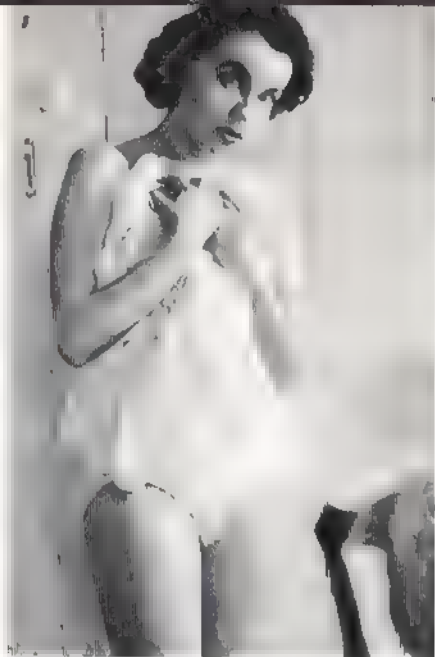
and their mothers. And brides. Stiff like that."

"On bearskin rugs?" I said with a leer.

Barney looked at me as if I were a piece of dirt on top of a chocolate cream pie. "In the sort of town I mean, peep, & keep" (continued on Page 44)

*She looked at him in a puzzled manner for a moment, then she gave way to the modern equivalent of the old-fashioned blush—she swore like a longshoreman with a crate on his foot.*





## THE STRAWBERRY BIRTHMARK

(Continued from Page 43)

their thoughts clean and their clothes on," he said.

Barney continued to look at me in scorn as he dipped a famous Hollywood actress, nude of course, into a bath of developer, although to my untrained eye she seemed developed quite enough.

This study of this actress, the same one who eventually came face to face with Captain Bell, became quite famous in many quarters and is still the subject of debates at the YMCA and the Yale Club as to whether the picture was a clever fake or a faithful reproduction of talents the actress had never chosen to display before.

Barney was already up to his navel in hypo on the sheer merits of the art itself when it was announced that the actress herself was coming to Canton as part of a package show of stars.

It was like a new oil strike in Texas. Everyone wanted a copy of that picture and they wanted it right away. The price of the print jumped to \$10.

By the time the actress arrived, everyone had a copy of the picture and all eyes mentally undressed her as she stepped from the plane. But she was unaware, as she shook out her golden hair with a breathtaking motion which made her shoulders quiver deliciously of the question that was uppermost in all our minds.

There were perhaps 300 soldiers and officers on Canton at that time and when the star arrived all of them found it necessary to be near the operations building to watch her arrival on the plane. Everyone stood in an attitude of complete awe.

The line backed away slightly as the actress emerged into the brilliant sunshine. You must remember that no man on the island had seen a woman—any woman—for at least six months, and here was one of the most beautiful women in the world advancing toward us in white sharkskin slacks and a light fitting golden blouse.

"Hello, all you gorgeous men," she breathed.

There was a strangled gasp from a man in the front row. Then silence.

She walked past us into the operations building and a sigh like the wind from a burning city swept after her.

The wind grew into a hurricane as the men speculated loudly—but out of her earshot—about whether the picture they all carried was authentic or had been patched together. Mental capers were called into play. Engineering officers used mental transits. The cartographers attempted to reconstruct the topography from memory. Stress and balance men worked with their charts. Our assorted ploters and planners thought of various and highly impractical—methods of settling the question.

None of us would have thought of the truly direct approach Captain Bell, once the proper Bostonian, blundered into.

It happened that the captain was chosen to be one of the group of officers to dine with the actress. He immediately went into a sweat of nervous anticipation.

"I haven't talked to a woman in so long—My God, it's been eight months. I'm sure to get myself into trouble," he said gloomily.

"H. W. I'd like to get into trouble with her," one of his unfeeling enlisted men said.

"Just get the conversation rolling by asking her if she really posed for that picture," another said.

"What picture?" Captain Bell asked innocently, betraying himself with the hand which slid over his breast pocket.

That elegant nude study must have preyed on the captain's mind. We got all the dinner details later, not from the captain but from the enlisted man who was fortunate enough to have served as his officer's mess waiter, assigned to her table.

After several grapples for the key object lying on the cozy bottom of his mind, the captain came up with a rare pearl.

The lady had never been to Boston, the captain had never been to Hollywood. Worse, he couldn't have been described as a movie fan of even average knowledge. "But we do have something in common," he blurted out at last, in the middle of an awkward silence, "we both have strawberry birthmarks."

She looked at him in a puzzled manner for a moment, then she gave way to the modern equivalent of the old fashioned blush—she swore like a longshoreman with a crate on his foot.

"So that damned photograph has found its way over here," she said when she had calmed down a bit. "I suppose you have a copy?"

Unwittingly the captain had come close to settling the uncertainty about the authenticity of the photograph. If he had only pressed his advantage our suspense might have ended right there between the carrot strips and radishes and the chin can come. But Captain Bell fumbled the ball. He began to eat bean soup as if he possessed some magical qualities he had never discovered before.

The actress could never give him the sugar eye until she realized she was the object of a faux pas rather than a pass.

Her eyes began to wake like they usually do in reel three when she decides it's dragging so hard she'd better spend the night on the sofa in the barbers' apartment and he brings her the pajamas which are three sizes too large.

"Yes, I do have a strawberry birthmark," she said with a malicious grin, and our spy reported he could hear the captain's heart racing the changes on that one right through the bean soup. "But so have a great many other girls," she added.

Then she whispered something into his ear which no one else heard.

Captain Bell never opened his mouth about the picture after that dinner. But he did keep that mouth in a peculiar smirk for several days after the historic event.

To show you the way hunch players bet, Barney was able to raise the price of that particular picture up to \$15 without a squawk from a single customer.

## A NOTE TO COLLEGE MEN

YOUR EDITORS are working on an article on the Girl Watching aspects of college life. If you are a college Girl Watcher, write us about the latest activities in your bailiwick. GIRL WATCHER, P. O. Box 215, Mahbu, California.



**#22. Jill St. John**

You can start out watching Jill, but before you know it, you find yourself drawn into whatever it is she's promoting. Makes you feel like an old friend right off. Always great for watching her has a way of watching right back. Expresses herself so exuberantly you may find yourself drawn to qualities you hadn't intended giving so much of your attention.

## A Note to Pretty Girls

ARE YOU an undiscovered beauty, waiting to be discovered? Would you like to see a story about yourself in our magazine? Write your name and address on the back of any photograph or photographs of yourself you want to submit and send them to us. No valuable pictures, please. They *cannot* be returned. GIRL WATCHER, P. O. Box 215, Mahbu, California.



**#23. Christine Carere**

FRENCH, OF COURSE, and doe-eyed and young and such a continental confection. Has the kind of gossamer hair you can feel with your eyes. Figures to be a dark horse in any Love Goddess sweepstakes if for no other reason than that her youthfulness reaches out to you. Darling of the younger set. Christine has all the qualities that make the fading ones gnash their calcium-starved nails.



# The Peegee Girls



*Who is this bright eyed vixen who turns up everywhere?  
...even in the bottom of a battle grey casket!*

WE HAVE ALREADY been exposed to the hard and soft "sell" but now prepare yourselves for the "soft sex sell." It's real sneaky and it's a ready in operation. It's being used to smooth the whirling cogwheels of the nation's business.

In New York alone there is a growing army of young pretty innocent-eyed ladies, the type of native girl you would expect to hope to meet next door and find in love with.

They are known to be trade as *peegees* or *personality girls*. Unlike the brazen breed of Liza, among the silk stockings and high-heeled slippers, flame throwers that come out of Liza's. Stag pies or pose as Miss Steamfitters' Convict on Queens, a *peegee* works an underground creating the illusion that she had just missed her bus and stopped outside a shop out of the rain.

For in a rage of \$10 a day, ask home any she mingles with atomic scientists at electronics expositions, or with jacks revolvers in waterfront warehouses. Her mission being to sell and he tries and over his resistance with rays of friendly flirtation rather than stare him down with scaring sex appeal.

A Mary Ann's new to town I watched a *peegee* go into a man's car and he came off to her she would be there and saw her when she came. She was wearing a penny taffair on simple dress and he gave a dumb expression of teenage admiration.

Daring a sermo can be ravished by its stride she didn't move and he exhibits like an others in the crowd, an attitude consistently not too the center of the floor and began taking a rest or tried to go a treacherous and wishy way.

Now I know some better men but than a pretty girl with a dog is a pretty girl with a man, especially in a room full of cameras.

The *peegee* was swarmed over in a matter of minutes by a crowd of men and women who were all up to her.

Who are you shooting at all doll? an expert asked. A man of the city said, "You," said a handsome male, "are making that thing upside down."

Ever get that feeling when you're in a room and you're right

I camera for her and in so doing note its four points  
 Sin or encounters throughout the afternoon trace Cindy's  
 step the less adorned person of whom at the end of the  
 In a few weeks saw the same *peeper* girl and her  
 fellow aspirants snoring in a drowsy way at the dorsal  
 overtop of the Fresh Fruit Hamlet, upon the Peach  
 Blossom Pier, and I was then in a state of mind to  
 as they were a Boomer Club (a lion by the way) in  
 the singing of 'Peep Pickering Time Down in O' Peoria'.

At no time did the *peeper* girls give the impression they  
 were hired characters. Every effort was made to re-  
 late that they were serious visitors or young daughters of  
 the good members of the club.

After it works, however, their main function, of course, is  
 to see that no ordinary deal is being given 'off the ground'  
 and into orbit with the *peeper* being that everyone loves  
 everyone else, especially the company produced there hap-  
 pily to be one.

A few more are also. Cindy Jones, a pretty young girl who  
 wears her hair as fast as she makes it and probably has a  
 dune-baiter was a mighty fair in making the U. S. Navy  
 show 2000 cases of war surplus equipment worth \$6,000,000.  
 Most of it was raised from high cost of warehouses.

From the time a row of ship anchors, rotting in their  
 rafts, and government issue casks, the *peeper* officer in charge  
 of the Navy Depot at Bayonne, New Jersey, called in Cindy  
 and her colleagues. He concluded there was no sex appeal  
 in dispirited typewriters, tin-coated tanks, ship anchors, old  
 armchairs, or rust-eaten screws. He called for one thing, ha-  
 could not move a single pile of rubbish, pretty girls, the

school girls. Wholesome Wima type.

Cindy recalls that newsreel photographers had them pos-  
 ing in a lot of fancy old coats and jackets. This resulted in a  
 lot of publicity for the auction. One photographer with a little  
 more of the *peeper* girl's reach out in a battle-grey basket  
 to put some lip in the old box, which she did.

The same *peeper* girls were used later as foils at the auction  
 sale. When a rumormongering party was up, a *peeper* caught  
 the eye of the *peeper* and kept him entranced while another  
 ran back to turn the newsreel money into her hands.

'Our first ones were used to catch both the bids and the  
 deposits,' Cindy recalls. 'It seems the most men are in-  
 duced by the presence of a pretty girl.'

The women in the *peeper* centers—many with \$25,000  
 to \$100,000 in their pockets—were apparently unaware they  
 were being used. Many of them had been in the

Personality girls are like many *peeper* girls. They don't care  
 about the money, they are just in it for the fun. I have  
 watched them smile for it. For *peeper* is one work and for the  
 Democrats, he needs I have seen them paraded at cocktail  
 parties by both sides.

At these functions she serves as a high schoolish and whole-  
 some Ma and Pa. Her confidants at the auction may still wonder  
 where the little girl came from, where she went, and  
 how it had all come information leaked out.

Whenever the *peeper* obnoxious and the public relations  
 experts are vying for your attention, your support, or your  
 money, you'll find a pretty *peeper* sugar-coating the pills. And  
 so far, no one has ever complained. A *peeper* among the men-  
 folk.



The Girls Were Used as Foils at the Auction





## Delightful Derriere

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about the beauty and grace of a pretty model's eyes, throat, limbs, etc., but the boys who seek organize anatomical compacts for glamourization can usually neglect one of the most charming and distinctive areas of femininity.

Briefly, they spend all their time around her up and forget about the bottom. It seems to be a question of "hands off" so to speak. It's a great and unavoidable oversight.

The rounded contour, the perfect symmetry of the lower back, offer plentiful opportunities for photographers with imagination and verve.

One photographer, a pioneer in this overlook, did it all in an attempt to drum up interest in his specialty. He held a contest and named a Miss Superior Poser or and produced a 64 page picture essay about his subject.

The same photographer also formed the Society for the Preservation and Care of Calipygians (Dictionaries sold in the outer lobby). Since a chubby backside is an obvious handicap in pictures of this sort, the boys insisted that the girls remain slim and trim. This led to their slogan—"Do Not Feed the Calipygians."

We're happy to relate that the group is catching on. In fact, an English counterpart has been formed. This organization calls itself the Faithful Admirers of the London Derriere.

But you don't have to be a dues-paying member to join in the fun. You need a good eye, a few flashbulbs, a flash for the unusual and a model with the necessary requirements.

Remember some of the prettiest things in the world go on right behind the model's back.



# Letters to Girl Watcher

Many Thousands Hail the New Journal for the Pretty Girl Connoisseur



## HOURLASS FIGURES

Dear Girl Watcher, I AM GENUINELY intrigued by the amazing popularity of some plump and fat girls. I have never been particularly keen on fat women but when you come to think of it, the same girls of the type one sees nowadays have little or no bust and rear curves to give them a figure, have they?

Years ago, I remember reading an old magazine called "Vanity Fair" printed in 1906. The illustrations were really lovely with ladies with tiny waists and fine, big proud busts and shapely curves at the rear. Women nowadays look too much alike.

ARMONDI BRO KHURST,  
Staten Island, N. Y.



Too many men are overlooking the delightful gay Lillian Russell type

## GIRL HAS TOUCHY PROBLEM

Dear Girl Watcher, WILL ONE OF YOUR Girl Watchers tell me what to do. I need help. I like to be Girl Watched, in fact my job at Bobbards' Roadside Tavern requires that I wear a low cut, revealing blouse. I'm the dice gal. I have one regular male customer, a Girl Watcher if I've ever been watched by one, who purposely bounces the dice so they lose themselves in my blouse. The other night he put an ice cube in his dice shaker. What can a working gal like myself do? I can't wear turtle neck sweaters because I'd lose my job.

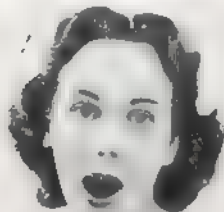
JEANY DABBY, Las Vegas, Nevada



## I WANNA BE WATCHED— RUTH

Dear Girl Watcher, WISH I COULD BE Girl Watched by a real cool Girl Watcher. Would like someone over 21. All he needs besides that is a lot of loot. I have expensive tastes. I'm 20 years old, 5'9". Deep green eyes and light brown wavy hair. I look real devastating in diamond bracelets and earrings.

JULIE PASCAL, New Orleans, La.



## BLACK STOCKINGS OFF-BEATNIK

Dear Girl Watcher, MY WARDENS WHO live in a small hick town in Iowa would not know me now. I dig this new off-beatnik jazz. I wear long black stockings, green make-up and pale rose lipstick. I'm just crazy for this Girl Watching dodge. I rent a pad here in Greenwich Village and spend most of my spare time arguing philosophy with other egg-heads like myself. But now I'm all shook up inside. I've just fallen for an Ivy League type and he won't look

CORA SIMON, Dubuque, Iowa

## GIMME SOME MONEY HONEY

Dear Girl Watcher, I WOULD LIKE TO hear from some cool Girl Watcher who would be interested in exchanging photos. I am five feet nine inches tall, weigh one twenty-five and I would like to be a model so I could be Girl Watched and paid for it. at the same time.

VIRGINIA NORMAN, Jersey City, N. J.

## MEN COME GET ME

Dear Girl Watcher, I LIVE IN A SHACK in the Black Hills of North Carolina and I've never been to no big city. We get our money's worth outen magazines and newspapers. We plaster them up on our walls. Your magazine is helping to keep our outhouse warm. I know everything in your magazine by heart. Pop can't afford to buy us shoes and I wear a pair of old drums with the seat a I wore out. I would like to be one of them there half naked city girls who wear mink under-shirts and ride around in Cadillacs. I wish some Girl Watching millionaire would rescue me.

CORA McCox, Asheville, N. C.

# The Girl Watcher and the Arabian Girl



A beautiful woman was brought out and placed on the horse.

REALLY? THE I was in France Morocco I ended a business transaction with a desert tribesman Omar Camp with a three-day Arabian horse named a woman named girl and I have much more men for a woman on a whole cooked after. A clean style tearing hanks of men off a woman here get.

I discovered that the Arabians past masters in Girl Watching. They why the married women must keep their faces covered with veils.

My keep had developed mechanical trouble and I tried to get Omar to sell me one of his horses. I was a good American friend, he wouldn't think of taking money for a horse. He insisted me with the best horse in his stable.

I mounted the horse and was about to take off when a beautiful young woman was brought out and placed on the horse. To keep from falling off she kept both of her arms wrapped tightly around me. Her name was Hana. I assume that she more was used to riding a horse in the desert.

When I reached my hotel at Casablanca I turned my hat politely to her and said goodbye. I thought no more of her and checked into the hotel. As the porter took the key to my room I thought I heard footsteps in the hall. I saw that Hana was still with me. I was not afraid of leaving me. The next morning my chief of police Omar had I presented me a list of names and blood got. One of his own ways to her, entertain me on my trip home.

When we were alone in the room I thought I would forget her away by getting undressed. She considered this a signal and started to undress also. A third time she crossed again into an out of the room. I phoned Omar and told him to come get the girl. He said he would come one day or so. The following day so Omar appeared at my side. They were a couple of years in the field of the master. Omar was handsomely dressed but he didn't appear to me. He was making amends to me. I said, he had a job and presenting me with a very nice place. No sooner had he walked left with Hana when I found myself the victim of a two-way switch. The young man between my new wives. They were waiting no time getting down to work. I was going to be my number one wife in the new family organization. There was a knock on the door and I knew I should have answered it. It was Hana. She had shaken off the two Arabs and had added to be my third wife.

With my three new wives and girl wives were slugging it out. I had a good outdoor campfire with my bag and made of the nearest streams. I took office for no young business with Omar any more. I said that I didn't want money. It was just that I can't keep a woman on a social basis. A man has to rest sometime.

# THE GREATEST COLLECTION: Girl-Glamor Photography

260 brim-packed pages of strange, exotic girls



FOR THE CONNOISSEUR OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, (who has waited many years for something really different) we have prepared a special volume—the best from famous *Glamour* Photography into one brimful collection of over 600 photographs of rapturous, beautiful, exotic women. There are intimate personality stories about the world's renowned beauties and whimsical close-ups of the girl next door. Send only \$2.00 today and get this beautiful, large 200 page volume the special edition of *Glamour Photography* featuring the great cross-country girl hunt.

Dingbat Press

P.O. Box 215

Mahwah, N.J.

Name

Address

City

Zone...State

A GIRL WATCHER DISCOVERS

# The Farmer's Daughter

LOVE GODDESS

ELAINE STEWART

PHOTOGRAPHY  
WORKSHOP

MAR



# Girl Watcher's Almanac





We are  
the opposite  
of Girl Watchers.  
We watch MEN!

## TWO TYPISTS TELL ALL

Dear Girl Watcher, WE ARE TWO typists who work together. Pamela is 18 and I, Ethel, am 22.

We're the direct opposite of Girl Watchers. We happen to be girls who watch Girl Watchers. I suppose you'd call us boy watchers. It's loads of fun and you meet a lot of new friends this way.

You should see the startled expressions on truck driver's faces when we whistle at them through our fingers. Whenever we come upon a new building being constructed I park my car and we climb up the scaffold so we can do some close up be-man watching.

We've been caught in revolving doors with some of Madison Avenue's smoothest men in grey flannel suits but for real man watching give us the muscle man any day. **ETHEL COZZAZZA, Bronx N.Y.**

## I DON'T WANNA BE WATCHED

Dear Girl Watcher, I'M ONE GIRL who doesn't want to be watched. It was raining the other afternoon and I was up in our attic trying on an old bustle my grandmother Irene used to wear. It was

and now I can't get it off and I'm too bashful to call a male plumber to get me out of it.

**JUNE DORMER, Burlington, Vermont**

## GIRL LIKES PANTY RAIDS

Dear Girl Watcher, I'M A FRESHMAN in college and I'm looking forward to "Panty Raids" but I hear from one of our Senior Girls that our Prexy will expel any student for keeps if he even so much as thinks about such goings on. Oh dear I guess I was just born too young. I'd like to hear from college age Girl Watchers and I know there are loads of them.

**ANNE BOLTON, Boston, Mass.**

## MY MAN'S A NUT—HE WON'T WATCH

Dear Girl Watcher, I'M GOING STEADY with a boy who would rather watch cars than girls. He's a nut on custom and hot rod cars. I swear that if a carload of pretty girls in bikinis bathing suit drove past all he would see is the type of car they were driving. I'm a girl that Girl Watchers strain their necks to watch but what good does it do with a boyfriend like this?

**GISELE KELLER, Philadelphia, Pa.**

## MUSIC FOR GIRL WATCHING

Dear Girl Watcher, LONELY CHICK aged 19 living alone in New York apartment would like to meet Girl Watcher around same age. I have a Hi Fi set and the latest album of music to watch girls by. **CAROL DELORME, Greenwich Village**

## LOVE GORGEOUS GUSSY

Dear Girl Watcher, WHY DON'T YOU do a 10 page picture essay on Gorgeous Gussy Moran. I admire this girl immensely for she is a girl who enjoys being Girl Watched. She makes a grand gesture of showing her lady undies to her admirers.

**RICK MIGUEL, Toronto**

A young  
lady  
writes  
asking  
how  
other  
girls  
do it



## TIGHT SKIRTS DEPT.

Dear Girl Watcher, YOU MAY NOT realize it but we girls probably spend more time trying to get ourselves watched than men spend watching us. My favorite hobby is wearing tight skirts. I adore really super-tight skirts, just knee length or a fraction below the knee or else real ankle length hobble skirts, and when I speak of tight skirts I mean tight. Wonder what tricks other girls have for trapping men. Wish they would tell Girl Watcher so I would know.

**DAPHNE QUINN, Milwaukee**

# The Girl Watcher's Almanac

Intriguing Helpful Hints to aid you in your Daily Girl Watcher Activities



THERE ARE 18,000,000 *Girl Watchers* according to a recent world-wide poll. The red-head *Girl Watchers* number 6,900,057 strong with blonde *Girl Watchers* numbering 5,976,000. The remainder of the *Girl Watchers* are divided among black, brown, purple, grey-blue, and green haired girls.

A new calendar for 1959 has just been printed for the special use of *Girl Watchers*. It lists all the windy days and the real hot ones that bring out the bikinis and cause girdles to be abandoned.

## A Condensed Summary of Girl Watching Laws

In a number of states, the season is said to be "open" whenever the weather says open or shed overcoats and other protective coloration habiliments.

Certain warmer climates such as those evident most of the year in California, Arizona, Texas and Florida afford open seasons for all but a possible two or three months when most *Girl Watchers* find that most girls turn a peculiar blue which is worse than the above mentioned protective coloration habiliments.

Some of our more discriminating watchers advise they will take a coat or shape-hugging mink to a covering of

blue goose-pimples any day.

Residents of Montana are particularly reminded of an old and enforceable law still on the statutes which forbids a man loitering on a corner to permit his eyes to rest unduly long on a feminine bustle while same is in motion and/or while its wearer is embarking or debarking a carriage.

## A Handy Glossary of Girl Watching Gambits

*The Office Pearl-Diver or Cleavage Clove:* Waits for the day when the office cutie wears the plunging blouse and then finds umpteen reasons to study her work (works) over her shoulder (over the shoulder and through the woods...)

*Friend of the Shoe Shine Stand Operator:* Oddly enough, is only a friend when a career chick with legs is too busy to leave her booties and takes the hot seat to have her patent leathers or suedes scraped up.

*Ladder Man in The Secretarial Pool:* Shows up in coveralls, carrying a ladder. Seems to be checking the fluorescent tubes, but likes the bird's-eye view of the sea of busy femininity. Nobody, including the boss, knows who sent him.

*Window Washer in The Girl's Dormitory:* A job up for grabs. One washer was found to be the dean of men when a high wind dislodged a fake mustache. Another washer won sympathy when he said he was a professor padding out his income, but they couldn't abide his wall-scaling in the middle of the night.



## Travel Hints

*The Ponges Island* in the South Pacific is over-populated with flawless seven-foot blondes whose special characteristics are Jayne Mansfield type bosoms and tiny pointed heads. Their call is a high pitched shrilling sound, "Ohmonya! Ohmonya!"

*Brigitte, France:* A new town in southern France named after the current favorite comico-amatory sex bomb, Brigitte Bardot. The village is jam packed with would-be Brigitte's each trying to out-strip the other. Make your hotel reserva-

tions early. The town is also filled with bachelor *Girl Watchers*.

## Girl Watcher's Fashions

A new ivy league cap with a special pouch for binoculars is now on the market.

For the warmly dressed *Girl Watcher* in winter time there is a new special type winter underwear now on the market. No stoop, no squat, no squint, no sleep... it keeps you awake and alert.



## Historical Girl Watchers:

- 1513 Balboas on world-wide mermaid watching tour discovers the Pacific Ocean.
- 1634 Sultan Bezoing of Arabia executes *Girl Watcher* Aba Cazolly for watching harem girls taking a bath.
- 1732 First *Girl Watcher's* Club organized in Paris, France, known as the Ou La! La! Club. Meetings held at the Swizzle Stick Cafe, a sidewalk nipery located on the windiest street in town.
- 1775 At Bunker Hill the watchword was "Wait for the whites of their eyes!" They were referring to young girls coming home from a wool spindle factory... At that moment the British army came over the hill.
- 1790 Under the excuse of flying a kite to make electricity, Ben Franklin spent many a pleasant evening watching Kitty Applewatts doing her reducing exercises.

## Memorable Dates

Brigitte Bardot, Kim Novak, Ava Gardner.

## Scientific Discoveries

Eye blinders for servants in bachelor apartments are now on the market.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

Two can live as cheaply as seven. Don't write. Don't telegraph. All incriminating love assertions should be traced out on snow banks or in the sand at bathing beaches.





'tis much better to have watched a girl and lost, than to have won a girl you "have" to watch.

## Rural Report

A record crop of traveling Girl Watcher jokes were harvested throughout the rural communities this year. 867,453,980 . . . were about traveling salesmen and the farmer's daughter. 786,700,675 . . . were about chickens crossing the road so they could listen to a roadhouse juke box.

## Miscellaneous

There are 3:17 farmers' daughters for every traveling girl watcher. One shotgun for every farmer. 178,777,354,003 beds to hide under in a hurry. 45,765,777,766 bedroom windows to jump out of. 18,000,000 single women with matrimonial intentions. 10,000,653 women who'll love you for your money only. 11,888 women who are handy with the stillette.



The accomplished girl watcher can watch two girls at a time



## ZODIAC CUES



March 21 to April 20—*Aries the Ram*: You can enjoy some mellifluous gozing at this period of you don't go butting in places you might get your horns clipped. Pudgy blondes in favor now.



April 21 to May 21—*Taurus the Bull*: Much to paw the ground about these days, a favorable time for you. You lean toward bevinity, proving that one man's meat is another man's bison.



May 22 to June 21—*Gemini the Twins*: Doubling up again, you clever devil, you. Lucky Gemini, always in the middle. However, keep your double images in perspective lest you wind up with crossed eyeballs.



June 22 to July 23—*Cancer the Crab*: You were expecting maybe Mamie Van Doren? Vibrations... indicated with cautions to appreciate that which is made viewable to you lest the firmament limit your vision to the milky whey.



July 24 to August 23—*Leo the Lion*: Growl-manship in good prospect, things being rowl all over. A lioness and tigress period, the lean vision of the cat.



August 24 to September 23—*Virgo the Virgin*: Time to make the initial plunge, old watcher. What are you saving the first leer for? Matriculate into AGWA at once and learn why the first hundreds leers are the hardest.



September 24 to October 23—*Libra the Balance*: Excellent prospects for George Gobel type peering from narrow window clothes lines, garbage sills, apartment house can lids and sorority house shower curtain rods.



October 24 to November 23—*Scorpio the Scorpion*: Watch the watching in the third quarter of this period. Danger you may hide the hind that feets you. Follow Virgo, but not too far.



November 23 to December 21—*Sagittarius the Bowman*: Good shooting with the pouty breasted titwillow in particularly good flush. But don't let your arrow fall short, lest your tartus sagit.



December 22 to January 20—*Capricornus the Goat*: Yours is the ability to smell out a good tail job, but don't tail too closely lest you get your hilly singed. In your case, though, go on—let her get your goat.



January 21 to February 19—*Aquarius the Waterman*: Continus to excel in your specialized field—underwater ogling. Try magnifying glass in your goggles and let the mermaids fall where they may.



February 20 to March 20—*Pisces the Fishes*: Finny thing happened to me on the way to the modelling studio—but curiously, no clouds will dim your view as you watch the girls just for the holi-bit.



# THE KITTEN TYPE

A few Enchanting Revelations on Photographing a Kitten Type Blonde

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON on the 33rd day—I remember that because I had been marking them off on the darkroom wall—when I heard the knock on the door. For more than a month I had been photographing lawn mowers, rubber boots, automobile tires, middle-aged matrons in foundation garments, mackinaws and bread boxes for a mailorder catalog, a total of 5,000 items to beguile the leisure hours of rural America. To make a grim chore grimmer, my peculiar client insisted that everything be shot with an 8x10 organ grinder, which made the job at least ten times tougher. I was bushed. Just before the knock, I had been wondering whether this money-in-a-hurry deal had been worth it, what the outside world looked like, and were there any ships leaving for South America that night.

The girl at the door was simply dressed in sweater and skirt. A pale green scarf was loosely knotted about her throat. Her short, jetty hair fell in natural waves. Even as she looked at me with wide-eyed directness, her warm lips, curving into a slight pout, transformed her from girl to woman.

Her name, she said, was Lili Clark. She was a model and wanted to know whether I could use her for some figure work. A photographer-friend who does a lot of experimental work in this line suggested it. Would I care to look at her model book?

While I was looking through her portfolio she pushed aside the latest thing in mail-order ironing boards and sat down on the latest thing in mail-order beach chairs. She lit a cigarette, relaxing with natural, feline grace.

There were four poses in her book—a bra ad, funning on the beach, a studio-type portrait and her lithe figure showing to advantage in a leggy pose. Like all model books, there was something wrong with this one. I looked at the pictures carefully, then glanced at the girl who had moved over from the price-tagged merchandise onto a broken-down chaise longue in a corner of the studio. Even in easy repose, the girl was vibrant and alive, while her sample photographs were lifeless. She looked like a stiff cardboard cutout from a penny arcade. I realized that they must have been taken by an over-worked catalog photographer—like myself.

If she hadn't walked in, I thought, with that feeling of cold doom, I might have gone on photographing endless series of mouse traps, a robot bulb squeezer with nothing but popping flashbulbs in his head. In a way we were both victims of the same thing, creeping catalogitis, except that we were on opposite sides of the lens.

Even before I could ask her, she said, "I'm really an actress. That is, I'm studying to be one."

The moment she came into the studio, I had begun seeing her with the camera eye in a variety of figure compositions. She was a natural. Dancers are usually best at figure work. But like them, theatrical people, even gifted beginners, have a great appreciation for what can be expressed by the human body. They are constantly aware of the fact that their bodies can be woven into patterns of dramatic significance. To theatrical people, the movement of the hands, a turned shoulder, an angle of the head, all have meaning. And most folks in the theatre, even those on its fringes, somehow assume that this meaning is understood by the photographer.



I will never forget the day she caught the hiccups





*She was quiet, soulful, dreamy, and had a mad passion for poetry*

Before I knew it, sunny South America had blossomed on East 49th Street. I had my lightweight Rollei in hand and was shooting this pretty kitten as she prowled around the place. If I could only catch that 16-year-old look in her 21-year-old body. After that, Lili would drop in at odd, unexpected times. Sometimes I would open the door in the early morning hours to find her yawning after an all-night rehearsal with some little-theatre group. Taking off her shoes she would curl up on the couch. I really never knew beforehand just what kind of

pictures would happen when she showed up. But every time she came to the studio something about her suggested the pattern for the day's picture-taking.

One of the first times, for instance. There she was, with a new donkey-tail hairdo, a carton of Cokes, and a book by Stanislavsky on the theater. She swished into my old wicker chair. I de-capped two cokes, and when she took hers she looked into the bottle as if it were a crystal ball. "That's fine,"

*(Continued on Page 48)*